The Middletown Transcript

VOL. 45. NO. 34 MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 24, 1912. PRICE THREE CENTS

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Christian School for Boys and Girls. Three Courses Leading to College. Course in Art, Instrumental and Vocal Nusic. Commerical Course, New Rooms, New Furniture, wew Typewriters, Pitman Shorthand, Touch Method Typewriting, New Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Athletic Field.

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a better line of buildtng materials, sewer pipe and drain pipe, cement, lime and plaster than we carry. When you wish to lap proper sewerage or drainage, we will supply you with the qest sewer or drain pipes to be found on the Beninsula.

SHORT & WALLS Lumber Cmpany
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For over 20 years has Cured

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Sciatica, Lumbago and Gout

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If you need anything in my line, a posta card will bring me to your home.

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HAVE YOUR

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AT

J. Applefeld & Bro.

we have bought M. Dektor's old stand, on North Broad Street, near Jones' Meat Shop. we do the best work for less money —work done promptly and well.

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Hardware, Stoves,
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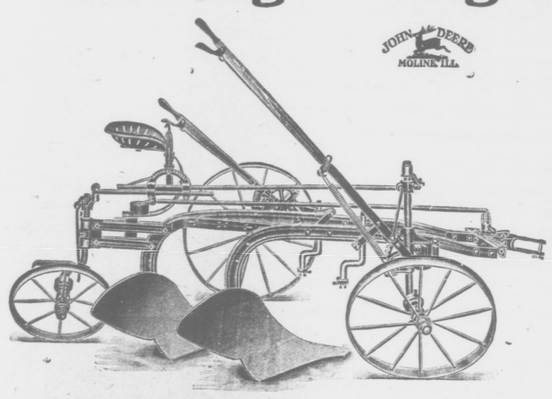
Young omen to take training school course in large Hospital for mental defectives, two years course with certificate upon graduation. $20.00 per month, all expenses while learning. Box 127 C, Spring City, Pa.

WANTED

Young Men to take training school course in large Hospital for mental defectives, two years course with certificate upon graduation. $20.00 per month, all expenses while learning. Box 127 C. Spring City, Pa.

J. F. McWhorter & Son

The John Deere Riding Gang Plow



This is the plow that runs so light, and so easy to handle. We sold 14 of these plows in 1911 to the following farmers, and if you are going to buy a gang plow this season would like you to ask any of the 14 what they think of it, and we feel sure you will have more praise from these 14 users than it would be possible to hear from any 14 men who have used any other make of gangplow: Frank S. Clayton, Chesapeake City, Md.; Edgar C. Ellison, Chesapeake City, Md.; Samuel F. Jones, Mt. Peasant; Abram Jones, Port Penn; F. E. Walker, Delaware City; Edgar Carrow, St. Georges; Archie W. Biggs, Earleville, Md.; Chas. P. Spicer, Richard Whiteoak, Middletown; J. P. Algire, Middletown; Howard Cullen, St. Georges; Samuel McGill, Earleville, Md.; R. G. Buckworth, Middletown; Eugene Paxon, Middletown.

We sell them guaranteed to run lighter to 4 horses than any 3 horse plow does to 3 horses and to do perfect work in every particular.

J. F. McWHORTER & SON
Middletown, Delaware

Eugene Racine
AUCTIONEER
Middletown, Del.

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DEALER IN
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE.

Also a Large Stock of
Cut Glass
Howard Watches
Gillette Razors
Repairing and
Silversmithing
a Specialy.

We also handle the
WATERMAN'S IDEAL
FOUNTAIN PEN.

S. E. Massey,
Middletown,
Del.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH

NO DANGER IN TELEPHONE

Nearly two years ago the Postmaster General at London became interested in the reports that tuberculosis could be communicated by the use of the telephones, particularly those for public use. In order to confirm or refuse such a statement he arranged that a number of them be selected from various places and that they be delivered to a well known bacteriologist for examination. Special care was taken to obtain instruments that were without the possibility of having been disinfected or even cleansed, and the same care was taken to see that they reached the testing laboratory in the exact condition in which they were removed from public use. They were taken from postoffices, railway depots, meat markets and other places frequented by the public.

The laboratory used is that of St. George's Hospital Medical School, Hyde Park Corner, S. W. and the work was done in the clinical investigation Department under the supervision of Dr. H. R. D. Spitta, Superintendent.

Washings were made of the mouth pieces and the whole contents were then injected in guinea pigs. The animals were kept in separate cages under supervision and killed a few weeks later. Exhaustive examinations proved that they were absolutely healthy. From the twenty-one telephones used in the test no tubercule bacili were found.

GOVERNMENT CROPS REPORT

A special crop report issued by the Department of Agriculture makes the following estimates:

Condition of crops August 1:

Corn, 80 per cent. of normal, compared with 82 3, the 10 year average; spring wheat, 90.4 per cent., as against 80 3 the 10-year average; oats, 90 3 per cent., compared with 81.4, the 10-year average.

Yields per acre of crops:

Corn, 26.0 bushels, compared with four year average of 27.1 bushels; winter wheat (preliminary estimate) 15.1 bushels. compared with 15.5; spring wheat, 15.1 bushels compared with 13 4.

All wheat, 15 2, compared with 14.6; oats, 31.0, compared with 28 4.

Total production of crops, in millions of bushels:

Corn, 2,811, against 2,031 last year.
Winter wheat, 390, against 430.
Spring wheat, 290, against 191.
All wheat, 680, against 621.
Oats, 1,207, against 922.

Quality of winter wheat is 90.7, against 92.0 last year.

The amount of oats remaining on farms August 1 is estimated at 3.8 per cent. of last year's crop, or about 34,872,000 bushels, as compared with 67,798,000 bushels on August 1, 1911.

Gypsies and Negroes Clash

Residents of Claymont are annoyed by a band of more than 200 gypies, who are encamped a short distance south of the Delaware State line, and the presence of about 300 Virginia negroes, who were taken there to work on a big industrial plant in course of construction near Marcus Hook, Pa.

Monday morning the negroes and the gypies became involves in a pitched battle, during which revolver shots fired and knives and razors brought into play, but as far as is known no person was fatally injured, although it is said several were hurt. Scenes of disorder prevailed on Sunday. Residents of Claymont have found it necessary to withdraw privileges extended to the gypsies, because of abuses.

Purchased Automobile For $25

An automobile worth $1000 for $25 was the bargain Harry Holson, of Georgetown picked up when he found three Seaford men in trouble with their machine. The men were so angry that they threatened to sell the machine as it stood. Holson offered them $25, and they took him up, and then hired a team to drive home. Holson, who is an expert machinist, took the automobile to his garage and there found that the trouble was only a slight one and that by investing in a new rim and tire, he would have a first class car. The former owners tried to buy the automobile back, but Holson refuses to listen to them and is enjoying his bargain.

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS OF THE PENINSULA

DELAWARE

Canning establisbments in the vicinity of Townsend started operations this week.

Wilmington merchants have been victimized by a clever swindler with a bogus check scheme.

Glass jars are being used in a canning factory at Lincoln this yeat for peaches in place of tin cans.

Charged with stealing 15 dozen eggs, Samuel Macklin, a Milford negro, was taken to the Georgetown jail.

James L. Dickison is applying for a license for the Townsend Hotel, which has been closed for some years.

While fishing at Lewes, George Scheffer of Georgetown, caught one of the largest star fish ever seen along the beach.

George Wihlelme and his family, of Wilmington, were made ill of ptomaine poisoning through drinking infected milk.

Tomato growers claim that the crop has been injured in Delaware by what is known, as the "horned tobacco worm."

The Sunday School of the New Castle M. E. Church will hold a big rally day service on the afternoon of September 15.

The Bridgeville School Board has re-elected Professor K. M. Willey principal of the High School for his eighteenth successive term.

Several tomato canneries in Kent county have begun work, but the crop will be a short one unless rain soon comes to the relief of the farmers.

The only big cannery in Georgetown started operations Monday just two weeks later than usual on account of the lateness of the tomato crop.

Three of the seven boys who escaped from the Ferris Industrial School have been traced to Philadelphia, the others having been captured in Wilmington.

Charles Fischer, paroled at a recent session of the Kent County Court to John C. Raughley, but who ran away has been captured and returned to the Dover jail.

George F. Duncan, of New Castle is announced as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for representative to the Legislature. George Albert Pedrick nomination.

Companies Forty-fifth and one Hundred and Twelfth of the Coast Artillery of Fort duPont, went into camp at the State rifle range, south of New Castle on Monday.

Fearing the descent of Government officers motorboat owners on the Indian River are putting proper equipment on their boats and there has been a sudden framing of licenses.

While riding to Brandwine Springs Park on a trolley car Mrs. P. A. Hutcheson, of Wilmington, experienced much pain when an insect entered her ear and which a physician had to remove.

No trace has been found of the body of Joseph Wagner of Wilmington, who was drowned Sunday near Salem, N. J., when a rowboat was swamped, throwing him and others into the Delaware River.

Rev. Dr. Alban Richey, for 10 years on the staff of Trinity Church New York, has accepted the rectorship of Immanuel Episcopal church, New Castle and will begin his work on October 1.

After charges and counter-charges of political preference, the Levy Court of Sussex county has awarded the contract to lay all the cement paving around the county property in Georgetown to an Italian contractor, whose first bid was refused.

John Brown, colored of St. Georges, arrested by Constable Oakes at Delaware City, escaped from the lockup Saturday.

Zoar Camp the oldest and most popular camp-meeting in Lower Delaware opened Sunday with a record-breaking attendance.

DOVER, Del., Aug. 20—During a severe lightning and rain storm Monday afternoon throughout Kent county, lightning struck a barn on the farm of Louis Geisel berg, near Farmington and burned it to the ground together with its contents. A pair of mules were killed by the lightning.

Canneries Opened

Several canneries in the county opened this week and around every packing house there is hustle and stir. The season opened two weeks later than usual owing to the cool, rainy weather, which kept back the sweet corn and also owing to the late spring which prevented early planting. Several places started the wheels going at the packing houses the middle of the week. The managers went to Baltimore and gathered hundreds of workers and the trains and boats have been laden with Bohemians who are the most dependable workers the canners can obtain, these city colonists are established comfortably in the places provided for them adjoining the canneries and will remain with their families until the corn and tomato crops are all disposed of.

MARYLAND

Ground has been broken for the new Methodist parsonage in Chesapeake City.

Overcome by heat, Ollie Reynolds, of North East, is in a serious condition.

Miss Nellie M. Dunning has been appointed principal of Concord public school.

Charles Hugeeiser, of Rowlandville, has been appointed superintendent of the Cecil Paper Mills.

A break in the machinery has resulted in the Elkton gas works closing down for several days.

Burglars broke into the post office at Aiken, Cecil county and stole everything of value that could be found.

There is a great influx of race track men into Havre de Grace preparatory to the races which begin Saturday.

The Kent County Commissioners have applied for State aid to build a macadam road between Tolchester and Fairlee.

A. Leonard Leary, of Rock Hall, has been awarded a scholarship at Washington College by the Kent County Orphans' Court.

Struck in the breast by a plow handle, George F. Tyson, a Woodlawn farmer, sustained several fractured ribs.

Falling from a chair, Margaret the 8 year old daughter of Charles Day, of North East, broke her collar bone.

The Friends Association of northern Cecil county will conduct a meeting in the Octararo People's Church, Richardsmere, August 25th.

To accept a position in a high school at Robinson, Ill., Prof. C. H. Shopmeyer has resigned as principal of Ridgely Agricultural High School.

In a contest for the highest standard of excellence in Cecil county Sunday schools West Nottingham and Zion Presbyterian Sunday schools are tied.

James Bedwell rescued his playmate, John Schaefer, son of Joseph Schaefer, of Chesapeake City, from drowning when he fell from a pier along Back Creek.

Rev. R. H. Lewis, pastor of Galena Church has been granted an indefinite leave of absence, and has gone to a sanitarium in the mountains of Western Maryland.

ONE CENT POSTAGE

Hundreds of commercial bodies, chambers of commerce, boards of trades, and national associations, as well as thousands of business houses have erdorsed the campaign for one cent letter postage. A bill providing for the lower rate has been introduced in congress and is being supported by the National One Cent Letter Postage Association. which has its headquarters at Cleveland, O.

Several scores of chambers of commerce and boards of trade have come out in favor of the movement.

Not only the commercial bodies of the United States, but many of the big national associations of business men have gone on record endorsing the lower rate. Among these important organizations are The National Hardware Association, The National Supply & Machinery Dealer's Association, The National Wholesale Lumber Dealers' Association, The National Grocers' Association, The National Shoe Wholesellers' Association, The State Grocer's Associations of Illinois and Ohio number of other organizations.

HIGH COST OF LIVING

Just how high the cost of living has climbed in one year was indicated in a special review of crop conditions, issued last week by the Department of agriculture, giving prices for July 15 and Aug. 1, as compared with those of the same date a year ago.

In 1911 hogs were worth $5 92 per 100 pounds; this year they averaged $6.61 beef cattle were $4.28 and are now $5 44 veal calves, $7.74 and $6 33, respectively; lambs $5 52 and $5.63. Not only this, vegetables and other eatables have likewise mounted, according to the report. Milk, for instance, went up from 20 9 cents per gallon to 22 2 cents; beans from $2.23 to $2 47 per bushel; sweet potatoes, $1.04 and $1 13

Prices paid producers for corn, wheat, oats, rye, buckwheat, butter, chickens and eggs on August 1 also showed big increases over August 1 of last year.

However, the report optimistically showed that prices were lower this year on apples, onions, peanuts, cabbage and flaxseed. General crop conditions, the report stated, averaged 12 per cent better on August 1 of this year than they did a year ago. The prospect is for a yield of of 13 per cent. more cereals.

Where The Gray Hairs Came From

The attitude of the commanding generals of the North and South toward each other, after the final surrender, writes Mr. Thomas Nelson Page in his recent book on General Lee, is one that the world regarded with astonishment, and that Americans may forever look back upon with pride. In illustration, Mr. Page offers an engaging anecdote from Long's memoir of Lee.

It appears that on the afternoon of the day of the surrender at Appomattox, Meade paid a friendly visit to Lee at his headquarters. In the conversation, Lee turned to Meade who has been associated with him as his officer of engineers in the "old army," and said pleasantly:

"Meade, years are telling on you. Your hair is getting quite gray."

"Ah, General Lee," was Mead's prompt reply, "that is not the work of years. You are responsible for my gray hairs".

USEFUL THINGS TO KNOW

Do not despair if you have no glue at hand for the emergency. Just take a little of the white of an egg that is left in the shell, and it will answer every purpose.

Lemon and salt will take out rust. If at first you dont succeed, try, try again. Lay the linen in the sun for it has a large share in doing the work.

Scorched spots, unless badly burned, may be removed by keeping wet and letting them lie in the sun.

The sun is a wonderful bleaching agent and all linens which have become yellow will whiten wonderfully if dampened and allowed to lie on the grass in the sun.

Add flavoring extracts, when possible, to the food when cold, as cooking dissipates the vilatile substance.

Canned Tomatoes.—Wash and drop into sterilized jars; do not peel the tomatoes. Add a tablespoonful of salt to every quart jar, and fill to the top with boiling water, seal and set into boiling water to cover. Wrap well with old carpet to hold the heat like a fireless cooker, and leave twelve to twenty hours. Then put into cellar. These tomatoes will have a brilliant color, keep their shape and be fresh for use for almost any dish in the winter. Delicious for salads, as they are not cooked until mushy. See that the water in which they stand is boiling hot and covers them to a depth of four inches. A boiler is a good utensil to use if canning a number of quarts at a time.

Potash in solution should be used once a week to flush the sink drains and cut the grease. Follow by a good flushing with hot water.

When company comes we like to serve them with just the best the house can afford and happy is the wife who recognizes her limitations and knows her resources from pocket book to energy and strength.

The housewife who has loads of silver, cut glass and fine linen, delights to give elaborate feasts, and they are all right for those who can afford them, but where there is one with wealth at her disposal there are thousand who enjoy entertaining, if it must be, simply.

When our women learn to do with what they have, or can have without a burden of debt, happy that they have friends and can enjoy them, entertaining as becomes their circumstances, not aping after those who have large means at their disposal.

The truly great are they who live simple, sane and comfortable lives entertaining at seasonable hours normal people.

When making custard pie it is a little more elegant if a half cup of cocoanut is added just before putting into the oven, and when serving a tablespoonful of whipped cream added makes a really elegant dessert.

Hospitality is as old as the hills, the good book tells us, "that a dinner of herbs where love is, is better than a stalled ox, with hatred therewith."

If you live in the country and throw soapsuds and dishwater out don't forget that rose bushes and other pet plants will thrive on it.

If you are so unfortunate as to have different sizes of sheets in your linen closet, mark all the sheets of a size with distinguishing marks.

To take fruit stains out of linen, stretch the stained spot over a bowl and pour boiling water through it. Peach stains are an exception to this rule.

Salmon or salmon trout sandwiches are delicious. Flake the fish and add a little cream to it. A dash of french mustard is an improvement.

If lamp chimneys are only a little clouded and you wish to save time, simply steam them over the tea kettle and wipe with a clean cheese-cloth.

The net guimpes so much worn nowadays will last much longer if they are washed without ironing. Shape them carefully while damp instead.

Add a little salt to the bluing water in which white clothes are rinsed if you want to be sure to keep the bluing from setting in spots or stripes.

Olives, stoned and chopped and mixed with fresh butter or heavy cream and cream cheese make one of the most delicious of sandwich fillings.

To keep the kitchen range fire when you are not using it, take the stove lids off a little while before putting on fresh coal. Then put the lids on half way.

A good way to serve salad is in tomato shells. Take the skin off the tomato, cut a slice off at the stem and scoop out core and seeds. Put in refrigerator until wanted.

If you find insects when washing lettuce put it through salted water then in clear. But be sure not to leave in the salt water more than a minute or it will wilt.

In cellar or pantry when it is difficult to keep the air dry, place bowls of unslaked lime on the shelves near the food. The lime of course, should be renewed from time to time.

A delicious Turkish dish can be made from left-over roast beef, tomato sauce and rice. Chop the beef and heat together with the rice and tomato in the saucepan season with pepper and a dash

Put a little ammonia in the warm water used to wash paint.

Save the tea leaves to sprinkle on the carpet when sweeping.

Lemon juice can be used for vinegar in salad dressing.

A vacuum cleave, will catch more flies than a fly swatter. Try it.

Succotash can be made as well with string beans as with limas.

Never throw away cold coffee; you can make it into coffee gelatine.

A piece of cheese grated over a simple salad is o great improvement.

Hairbrushes are best washed in cold water with plenty of ammonia in it.

FARM NEWS AND VIEWS

Keep the hoe going.

Feed the hogs a variety.

The best feed is cheapest.

Turkeys devour many insects.

Separating cold milk means a loss of cream.

This season of the year is trying on cows and dairymen.

Get a die and stamp your initials on the cream or milk cans. Paint will rub off in time.

The cow that can hold up well in milk production in August is a valuable animal.

Selling all the hay and grain raised on the farm is a sure method of selling the farm.

From 10 to 50 per cent. of cream is lost by "setting" milk in pans, say the experimenters.

With the exception of the plow, the harrow is perhaps the oldest of tillage instruments.

Less Kaffir corn in the feed as the weather gets warmer will keep hens from getting fat and lazy.

Don't fail to divide the buttermilk between Biddy and the pigs. She relishes it as much as they.

All fowls, chicks, ducks and ducklings that are kept in yards should have plenty of green food every day.

A chicken takes naturally to having feed handed him, but the turkey is almost self-supporting until cold weather.

Don't allow the hen-mother to drag around all day with her brood, as many chicks succumb through exhaustion.

One advantage in keeping feed always before poultry is that they do not have to hurry so to get their meals.

In building a wire fence for hogs put one barbed wire at the buttom and the worst rooter in the pasture won't root out.

One mite on the back of a fellow's neck makes him just about wild. What must it be to have a million crawling?

There is still time to put out a crop of roots for cow feed next winter. Rich light soil is the best place for them.

Turkeys always find a ready sale and are almost clear profit. The market is never glutted.

Neat, clean crates and boxes help to sell frnit even though it may not be quite up to standard of excellence ret by the grower.

If the season is dry, haul a few barrels of water to those late planted trees. Don't let them suffer for water during a dry spell.

If hogs are lousy, set a small post, wrapped tight with a rope, in the ground and soak the rope with coal oil. The hog will do the rest.

Don't imagine a chicken does not need a change of diet because it is chicken. They need a change of food quite as much as a human biped.

If you use the litter in the house keep it dry and clean. Musty and moldy litter is particularly liable to cause trouble at this season of the year.

Plymouth rocks have been made to weigh seven pounds, dressed, at Thanksgiving time, by judicious feeding for growth and development while on range.

Don't expect the hired man to work in hay and harvest till dark, and then milk a dozen cows after dark, and be very gentle about it. He isn't built that way.

Land plaster has a very small percentage of lime; lump lime has the largest per centage and hydrated lime next. Marl is usually a little richer in lime than ground limestone.

The peanut is becoming more important as a feed for stock, especially in the southern states. The vines with the nuts attached are often cured and they make a palatable hay for all kinds of farm stock.

Where one finds a bird with a contested crop, they can cut into the crop and remove the ingredents, after which they should thoroughly cleanse the inferior of the crop with a solution of warm water and boracic acid. After the crop has been treated thus, it should be sewed with silk cord.

It is good practice to graft plums on peach stock.

A spraying of the currant and other small fruit bushes will help.

Fruit should never be offered for sale that is exposed to flies.

Never cut a limb from a fruit tree unless you know just why you do it.

An orchard neglected for one year virtually puts it back three years.

If the rabbits have gnawed only the outer bark, wrap the wound with cloth.

Donot be stingy of water for the plants. Soak them plenty once or twice a week, and don't dribble once a day.

It is a great mistake to pick out the poorest soil on the place on which to plant the orchard. The best is none too good.

If a man sells fruit of which he is ashamed then he should throw away his stencil and conceal all evidence of his ownership.

The flowers will require close attention now to keep them tidy. Pick off all the seed pods and dead leaves and keep after the weeks.

Lemon and orange growere, have learned that it is best to wash and wipe them before packing them to prevent the spread of rot fungi.

The reason fruit trees planted in fence corners and out of the way places do not thrive generally may be found in the fact that they are not cultivated.

Mature hogs that are thin may be made a gain of a half pound a day on alfalfa without grain.

Running the mower along the sides of the ditches will make it easier keeping them clear of weeds.

Hot water and sunshine are two of the best cleansers for the dairy utensils that can be sound anywhere.

Some English farmers are paying as high as $400 per pair for American mules to send to the Argentine Republic.

The Middletown Transcript

Mails Close as Follows.

Going North—7.25 a. m., 10.05 a.m., 4.05 p.m. p. m. and 8 p. m.
Going South—8.00 a.m., 4.15 p. m., and 9 p.m
For Odessa—7.50 a. m., 8.30 a m., 11.30 a. m., 5.0 p. m.
For Warwick, Cecilton and Earlville 9.20 a. m. and 4.45 p. m.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., AUG. 24, 1912

LOCAL NEWS

Wagons and Dearborns for sale.
J. C. GREEN.

The best steak, roasts, lamb and veal, at W. C. Jones'.

FRESH and SALT FISH at my store at all times. W. C. JONES.

Wagons and Dearborns for sale.
J. C. GREEN.

Latest designs in Wall Paper at BANNING'S.

Try my own make ice cream, in large or small quantities. W. D. WILCUTTS.

HIDES WANTED.—The highest cash prices paid for horse and cow hides. W. C. JONES.

Just received a large lot of Porch Rockers and Bamboo Porch Screens. Call and see them. W. J. Wilson.

A fine line of ladies Shirt Waists in the new punch work, centre pieces, carving cloths and stamped pillow cases.
MRS. J H. EMERSON.

We have stored in our warehouse peach and truck baskets in any quantity. For sale Yellow Cob Corn.
Phone 5 & 48. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

The Short & Walls Lumber Company has just purchased the Harrington lumber yard of J.P. Masten.

FOR SALE—New Crimson Clover Seed $5 bushel. Shipment about August 1st.
JOSEPH E. HOLLAND
Milford, Del.

FOR SALE—The dwelling I now occupy on Lake Street. Terms and price made known on application to.
ISAAC TAYLOR

The best grades of William Penn and Georges Creek Coal always on hand. Full weight of 2240 lbs. guaranteed.
SHORT & WALLS LUMBER CO.

Farmers you had better see the Royster Fertilizer Agent before placing your orders for your Fall phosphate.
J. A. Cleaver, Agent,
Middletown, Del

OUR HIGH GRADE LEHIGH COAL, FRESH MINED is now arriving at our yards subject to your orders. Guaranteed free from dirt. Always in stock and under cover Phone 5-48. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

After June first the Library hours will be; Tuesdays 7 to 8.30; Fridays 7 to 8.30; Saturdays 3 to 5 P. M.

Teeth without plates, gold crowns and bridgework. The newest cast aluminum plates. Also gold and vulcanite dentures. Free Estimate. DR. J. ALLEN JOHNSON. Phone 150.

Peach Blossom Grange in regular session Friday night appointed the following members to attend the County Grange: Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Williams, Messrs. E. H. Shallcross, T. E. Clayton, and R. L. Price.

Unclaimed Letters —The following list of letters remains unclaimed in the post office for the week ending August 15th: Mrs. Hester Argol, Miss Anie Blackson, Miss Mamie Daniels, A. Wallace Irvin, R. C. Jenkins and H. F. Johnson.

A LAWN FETE

On Tuesday evening a number of young ladies and gentlemen gave to their friends a lawn party on the grounds of Mr. W. T. Pearce near town. The lawn was tastefully decorated with Japanese lanterns and the young folks had an agreeable time with games of various sorts, and with social intercourse.

Refreshments consisted of ice cream and cake were served. The following persons were present: Mr. and Mrs. Royden E Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Thomas Pearce, Jr., Misses Jennie Gallagher, Viola Weber, Edith Francis, Oma Spry, Mildred Freeman, Martha Pearce. Lelah Pearce, Margaret Ginder, of Wilmington, Messrs. Albert Pearce, Herbert Pyle, John Dickinson, Comegys Cosden, Earle Whitlock, Harry Culver, Ray Dickson, Philip Vinyard, Osborne Bannitg, Frank Pearce and Clarence Pearce.

Democratic Caucus

The Democrats of St. Georges Hundred met in the Red Men's Hall in Odessa Thursday evening, and selected their delegates to the State Convention which meets in Dover on Tuesday, September 10th. They are Eugene Shallcross, 1st district; Bradley 21 district; J Frank Biggs and William A. Comegys, for the 3d district, Jefferson B. Foard for the 4th.

Mr. John W. Watkins of Odessa was the unanimous choice of the caucus for Representative, while Mr. Elmer E Bendler was unopposed as the candidate for County Commissioner.

The inspectors were selected as follows: John Kronemyer, 1st district; Charles E. Rose, 21 district Charles F. Beasten 3d district, and Michael Keegan Jr. for the fourth district.

Man Drowned

A man known only by the name of "Clark," was drowned in the Appoquinimink creek, back of the Townsend farm, near Odessa, on Sunday. He was bathing with a number of others, foreigners, employed in the canning establishment at Townsend, and is supposed to have gotten into a deep hole and being unable to swim, was drowned. The body was recovered on Tuesday by some of his fellow employers, who turned it over to Undertaker Collins, of Townsend, who at the direction of Coroner Chandler, interred the body in the cemetery at that place. The man had only fifty five cents in his pockets. He was a foreigner and had come from Baltimore to work for the Wright Canning Company at Townsend.

On Bargain Hunting

Everybody loves Bargains. Of course the men pretend its the woman only that have that passion—which is really only another way of saying that their wives and sisters are better judges of what a real Bargain is like, than themselves. Certain it is, it is the ladies of Middletown and vicinity that are in great numbers recognizing the valuable character of the Season-End-Bargains now offered them by FOGEL & BURSTAN as set out in their ad.

MR. WILLIAM BLADES DEATH

It is our painful duty to chronicle another sad railroad accident that has removed from our midst a most estimable good citizen, Mr. William Blades, who was killed on Tuesday morning while on duty as flagman at the St. Anne's crossing.

He had just flagged the south bound train, and was no doubt just crossing over as required by the railroad company's rules, to the East side, to flag another train which he saw approaching from the South, when through some miscalculation of the distance, or the train's speed, he was struck and killed.

Mr. Blades was an honest, kind hearted man deservedly highly esteemed by all who knew him, and his untimely death will be a loss to the community.

The funeral services were held at the home of the deceased on East Main street on Wednesday evening at 8.30 o'clock, Rev. Vaughan S. Collins conducting them. After a reading from the Scripture, "Nearer My God to Thee" was sung and Rev. Mr. Collins made an appropriate address wherein he paid a just tribute to the fine character of Mr. Blades as a Christian gentleman.

The remains were taken on the 9.14 Thursday morning train to Oxford, Md., where Mr. Blades had once resided, there to be interred in the cemetery of the Methodist Church of which Mr. Blades was a member. Besides his devoted wife the deceased leaves three sons, John, living with his family in Washington, D. C., where he holds a highly responsible position under the P. R. R. Co; William H., who lives with his family, at Annapolis, Md., and is also in the rail ord service; and Albert who is unmarried, and in the railroad employ at Oxford, Md.

Mr. Blades and his family had but recently come to reside among us, and had made many friends here, all of whom deeply lament the sad event that has deprived his family and the community of so valuable a life.

THE TRANSCRIPT joins these friends in expressing its sympathetic participation in their great loss.

CELEBRATES HIS 78th BIRTHDAY

Last Sunday, the 18th, being the 78th birthday of Mr. Nathan Bailey, of near Townsend, he and his wife drove over to spend the day with their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Morris. Their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren had decided to meet there also and celebrate with him his birthday. On the arrival of the 9 o'clock train they began to arrive and it was indeed an enjoyable day to all. A long table was laid in the dining room and a substantial dinner was enjoyed, which was provided by the daughters. Music and conversation was indulged in until the arrival of the 6 o'clock train, when they departed, wishing Mr. Bailey many more happy birthdays. Birthday cards and a purse of ten dollars were the presents received.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. John Solway, Mrs. Sadie Lynam, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Jr., Ernest Solway, Jr., Mrs. Daisy Grant, and children, Edward and Mabel, Mr. Bertha Baker and son Leland Nathan and Antie Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. George Brittingham, Misses Josephine and Pearl Lynam, of Wilmington, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bailey, Jr., and Misses Grace and Hilda Bailey, of Upland; Mr. and Mrs. John Hobson and children, Anna and Lillian of near Townsend; Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Morris, Misses Mary and Ethel Morris and Leonard Morris Jr., Mrs. Mary Hall, of Upland; Mr. Frank Capelle, of Wilmington; Mrs. Ezra Robinson and Katherine Nora and James Robinson.

Enjoyable Straw Ride

Several of our young people enjoyed a straw ride to Augustine Park Thursday afternoon, and remained for the dance in the evening. Those comprising the party were. Misses Madeline Penington, Emma Penington, Emma Carpenter Mary Cochran, Mary Carpenter, Emma Ross of Philadelphia, Helen McAlrey of Wilmington, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Penington, Albert Donovan, Clarence George, Frank Richards, Irving Roberts and Ephraim P. Jolls.

A Quiet Wedding

On Sunday last, at 6 o'clock P. M., Mr. Jacob Applefeld and Miss Elizabeth Lurge, were quietly married at the home of the bride, No. 9 East Front St., Wilmington, by Rev. Regitz.

Mr. and Mrs. Applefeld have begun housekeeping in Middletown, where he and his brother Samuel are conducting a first class shoe shop on North Broad street. The Transcript wishes the newly wedded couple much happiness.

Engagement Announced

Mr. and Mrs. Richard R. Cochran announce the engagement of their daughter, Agnes Lindsey, to Mr. Louis E. Hutchinson, of Trenton, New Jersey. The wedding will take place early in October.

Base Ball

The Middletown Base Ball Club will play the strong Smyrna team today (Saturday) at 2.30 o'clock P. M., on the home grounds. On Saturday, August 31st, they will play the Trinity Club, of Wilmington, one of the fastest amateur teams in the state.

"This store will close during July and August at Six o'clock, except on Saturdays."

J. B. MESSICK.

CURRENT PRICES

MIDDLETOWN GRAIN MARKET
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY S. B. FOARD.

Wheat—No. 2	$0.93	Corn—	
No. 1		Yellow, shelled	82
Timothy Seed	7.00	" cob	80
Clover Seed	15.00	Oats	60

MIDDLETOWN PRODUCE MARKET
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY W. T. CONNELLEE

Eggs, per doz	20@24
Country Butter, per lb	27@33
Creamery Butter, per lb	37
Lard, per lb	12@15
Live Chickens, per lb	12@16
Potatoes	45

OUR FRIENDS AND VISITORS

Personal Items About People You See and Know

Mrs. N. J. Williams left on Monday for Atlantic City.

Mrs. J. E. Ginn is visiting friends at Swedesboro, N. J.

Miss Lydia Redgrave is spending two weeks at Atlantic City.

Miss Ada Scott is spending the week with relatives at Lewes.

Miss Dora R. Price is spending this week at Ocean City, N. J.

Captain and Mrs. W. E. Lee are visiting his sister at Atlantic City.

Miss Mary Keen, of New York, is visiting Miss Ada L. Lockwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Price will go to Ocean Grove this week for a visit.

Mrs. Anther Swain and son George, spent Wednesday in Wilmington.

Miss Helen Hall is spending some time in Wilmington and Philadelphia.

Misses Josephine and Mary Maloney spent Sunday Mrs. John Sullivan.

Miss Cora Jones, of Wilmington, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. L. Parsons.

Master Foster Johnson is the guest of his uncle, Walter Melvin, near Townsend.

Mrs. Clara Maxwell, of Wilmington, is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. Samuel Price and Miss Mary Beasten spent Wednesday in Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Brockson are spending the week at Haddon Heights, N J.

Mrs. David W. Eliason, of Wilmington, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Eliason.

Miss Mary Walker, of Wilmington, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Enoch G. Allee.

Miss Margaret Ginder, of Wilmington, is spending some time with Miss Viola Weber.

Mr. B. T. Pharo, of Collingdale, Pa., is spending several days with Mr. M. N. Willits.

Miss Helen Petticord, of Wilmington, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. J. Wilson.

Mrs. J Fletcher Denkyne and daughters were over Sunday visitors at Rehoboth.

Mrs. Ralph Yearicks, of Camden, N. J., was a week end guest of Mrs. Thomas Roberts.

Mr. Charles Medill of Newark, spent Monday and Tuesday with Miss Paxton Cochran.

Miss Clarabel Wilson, of Philadelphia, is visiting her brother, Mr. W. J. Wilson and wife.

Mr. John Sullivan, of Middle Neck, spent Sunday with Mr. John Maloney, near town.

Mr. Jessie Willits, of Lenore, N. C., is spending a few days with his father, Mr. M N Willits.

Mrs. P. Maloney and son Francis, have returned home from a weeks' visit in Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Rambo Webb and sons, of Philadelphia, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson.

Mr. Walter Collins, of Wilmington, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Montgomery.

Miss Edith Francis was the guest of her mother, Mrs. James M. Cleaver, near Smyrna, Sunday.

Mrs. Oscar Bittle and son, of Philadelphia, are guests of her uncle, W. J. Wilson and wife.

Mr. Theodore Craddock, of Philadelphia, is visiting his uncle, Mr. W. B. Kates and family.

Master George Irving, of Philadelphia, is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Echenhofer.

Miss Elsie Green, of Philadelphia, is spending this week with Miss Anna George, near town.

Miss Ella G. McCloskey, of near Summit Bridge, spent Monday with Miss Josephine Maloney.

Mrs. J. R. Heffecker and Miss Mary Pleasanton have returned from a two weeks stay at Ocean Grove.

Mrs. Harry Segelken and son Harry left Friday for a several days visit to Baltimore and Washington.

Misses Lulu Vinyard and Mary Bishop spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Milligan, of Woodside.

Mrs. Arthur Johns, of Philadelphia, is paying a visit at the home of her brother, Mr. Walter Basten and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. William Collins, of Smyrna, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cronch this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Gill and Mrs. H. N. Crane were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Gill in Swedesboro, N. J.

Mrs. D. M. Lurge, of Wilmington, and Mrs. B. Freedman of New York, visited Mrs. Jacob Applefeld Wednesday.

Miss Lillian Melvin returned this week after a two weeks' visit with friends at Ocean Grove and Asbury Park, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Vansant, of Wilmington are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Green and other relatives and friends.

Misses Helen Z. Davis and Mary Tarbutton, of Sassafras, Md., are the guests of Miss Helen Shepherd at Rising Sun, Md.

Squire and Mrs. Alfred G. Cox have returned from Ocean Grove, N. J., after spending two weeks at that popular resort.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar T. Whitlock, of Chicago, are spending two weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Whitlock.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tyson and little son Owen, of Ohio, have been guests of their cousins the Misses Beason on Cass street.

Masters Irvin and Ernest Frazier, of Richardson Park, are spending some time with their uncle, Mr. Isaac Dean, near Bethel.

Rev. John A, Arters will preach at the M. E. Church, Smyrna, on Sunday in the absence of the pastor, Rev. W. D. Parry.

Mrs. W. W. Freeman entertained her brother Mr. C. W. Johnson, of Magnolia, and her cousin, Mr. J. A. Johnson, of Chester, on Sunday.

Miss Mary McCrone has returned to her home near McDonough after a two weeks visit at the home of her grandfather Mr. J. A. Hoffecker.

Messrs. Albert Massey and Norman Crouch, of Wilmington, and Fred Crouch and Barry Hilyard, of this town are camping for a week at Shallcross' mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Minors Banning and Mr. and Mrs. Adam Reed have been making an auto trip in the lower part of the state, taking in Lewes, Rehoboth and other points.

Mr. James R. Hoffecker passed his 75th birthday on Monday. Mr. Hoffecker, of Philadelphia, passed the day with his sister Mrs. W. A. McCrone and family of McDonough.

We are sorry to learn of the illness of Mr. Douglas Cochran, son of Mr. R. A. Cochran, near town, with a severe attack of pneumonia. At this writing we are informed he appears to be somewhat better.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lewis and two children, of Dover, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Redgrave at Wheatland, near Mt. Pleasant, making the trip in their machine.

Rev. and Mrs. Edwin W. Coswell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who have been spending some time with Mrs. Caswell's mother Mrs. Mary Jones have gone to Ocean Grove where Dr. Caswell will enjoy the camp meeting.

Miss Rena Krumm, of Baltimore, and Mrs. May Carpenter, of Philadelphia, have returned to their homes, after spending two weeks with Miss Elsie Byron. Miss Elsie Byron is spending some time with Miss Rena Krumm, of Baltimore.

Some of the many friends of Miss Mary F. Burris, of Inverness, California, gave her a postal shower on her birthday, August 26th., Miss Burris is a sister of Martin B. Burris, Esq., of Middletown and was for years a resident of this town. For several years she has made her home with her sister, Mrs. Reed, in California.

CECILTON

Mr. A E. Bloxton, of Baltimore, visited friends in town on Tuesday.

Miss Mary Palmer, of Philadelphia, is the guest of Mrs. J. W. Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Weed have been visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Miss Eliza Biggs spent a few days with relatives in Fredericktown, Md.

Messrs. Robert Anderson and William Brown, Jr., spent Sunday at Betterton.

Mrs. J. R. Smith and children spent Tuesday at the home of Mrs. L. B. Manlove.

Master Charles Jackson, of Greensboro, Md., has been visiting Master Carrol Short.

Mrs. Ruly and daughter Miss Mildred of Baltimore, are visiting Mrs. James A. Smith.

Misses Alice Bendett and friend Ruth Morford spent Sunday with Miss Ruth Alderson.

Miss Mary Blackway who has been visiting friends near Chestertown has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and children, of Wilmington, have been visiting Mrs. Emma Pierce.

The M. P. Sunday School picnic will be held in the Mr. Davis Woods on Thursday August 29.

Mr. and Mrs. Warner Garry and daughter, of Kennedyville, Md., spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs James T. Watts spent over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Howard of near Chesapeake City.

Miss Christine Lutheringer, of Philadelphia, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Lutheringer, of near town.

Mr. Harry Budd, of Wilmington, spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Harry Budd.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Murrey, of Philadelphia, have been visiting Mrs. Thomas Pierce and Mrs. George Beaston.

Mr. Thomas Pierce, Mrs. Harry Budd and Mrs. George Beaston are spending part of this week in Philadelphia.

Mrs. George Boyles, of near Galena, and Miss Annie Smith, of New York, visited relatives and friends here on Monday.

PROGRESSIVES STATE TICKET

DOVER, Del., Aug. 22.

The Delaware Progressives in State committee meeting here today took no back step in their determination to be what their party stands for party of principle and not men. While there was some sentiment in favor of coalition with the Republican party in the indorsement of some of their candidates nominated here on Tuesday, when the vote was taken as to the placing of a separate ticket before the voters of Delaware in November next, there was no doubt as to the opinion of the committee as to what they should do.

After a general discussion as to the date for the next state convention and other matters pertaining to the campaign, it was decided to call the state convention for Wednesday, September 11, at Dover. The following resolution relative to a separate ticket was presented and adopted;

Resolved: That it is the sense of the state committee of the Progressive party of the state of Delaware, organized pursuant to the action of the Progressive party to its national convention at Chicago, that it shall nominate a straight Progressive ticket in Delaware without alliance with any other party therein.

Speeches were made by different members of the state committee urging the necessity of a radical change in Delaware's system of government and the belief that the progressive movement will bring about such reformation.

BLACKBIRD

Miss Margaret Caulk is visiting at Rising Sun, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Royden Caulk spent Sunday with relatives in Sassafras, Md.

Mr. A. M. Mackey, of near Wilmington, spent a few days with friends here.

Miss Anna Ford, of Smyrna, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. Harry Gibbons, near Townsend.

Miss Anna Keen is visiting her sister Miss Mina Keen, near Chester Springs, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rawley, of near Townsend, spent part of Saturday and Sunday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Pinder in Clayton.

Our Epworth League will be lead Sunday evening by Miss Ethel L. Marker, The Renunciation of Worldly Preferment; Self Renunciation Prepares for Saving Service.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET

The republican state convention in session at Dover on Tuesday, after one of the most exciting sessions held in recent years, nominated the following full state ticket to be voted for in November:

Presidential Electors—New Castle county, John Bancroft; Kent, Daniel M. Wilson; Sussex, Harry V. Lyons.

Congressman—Geo. H. Hall, Milford.

Governor—Charles R. Miller, New Castle.

Lieutenant Governor—Harry K. Fooks, Laurel.

Attorney General—James M. Satterfield, Dover.

State Treasurer—David S. Clark, Kenton.

Auditor of Accounts—Theodore Townsend, Milford.

Insurance Commissioner—Robert P. Thompson, Newark.

The electors were named without objection.

The selection of a congressional nominee was not without a fight, as Congressman Heald was placed in nomination by the New Castle delegation and Mr. Hall by the Sussex delegation. The vote resulted in 96 for Hall and 65 for Heald, giving Hall the nomination on the first ballot.

In the opinion of many beside Republicans, the ticket is one of the strongest which has been named in years.

Charles R. Miller, who is named for Governor is a lawyer by profession. He is a State Senator from Wilmington and also a member of the Board of Water Commissioners of that city.

Harry K. Fooks, named for Lieutenant Governor, is a business man of Laurel and a member of the well known family of that name there.

George H Hall, candidate for Congress is a retired merchant of Milford. He was the first comptroller of Sussex county and made an excellent record in that position.

James M Satterfield candidate for attorney General, is a prominent lawyer of this town, and is very popular with all classes, and eminently fitted for the position, having served a term as deputy and made an excellent record.

David S. Clark, candidate for State Treasurer, is a resident of Kenton. He has been Collector of Port for Wilmington, a member of the Legislature, and a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of the State.

Theodore Townsend, named for Auditor of Accounts, is the incumbent and has served the State well. He is editor and owner of the Milford Chronicle.

Robert P. Robinson, selected as candidate for Insurance Commissioner, lives near Newport, in New Castle county, and is teller in the Central National Bank. He was at one time secretary to Congressman William H. Heald. He is also prominent in grange affairs.

ODESSA

Miss Amelia Daniels is a Philadelphia visitor this week.

Miss Annie Shetzler is the guest of Philadelphia friends this week.

Mr. Harry Lightcap and family have been visiting friends at Hobbs, Md.

Mr. Calvin Ellis, of Philadelphia, is spending several days with relatives here.

Mr. Frank Stevens, of Port Penn, is the guest of Mr. William Heller and family.

Miss Margaret Mifflin has been spending some time with friends in Longhorn, Pa.

Mrs. O. B. George, of Camden, N. J., was the guest of Mrs. George Davis this week.

Miss Hallie Gray, of Reading, Pa., was the guest of her father Mr. Richard Gray this week.

Mrs. O. C. Stevens entertained her sister, Miss Bell Rose, of Philadelphia, part of last week.

Miss Alice Croft, of Philadelphia, is spending some time with her grandmother Mrs. Eliza Croft.

Mrs. Sallie Stewart, of Chester, Pa., visited her parents Mr. and Mrs. William Morris last week.

Mr. Joseph Satterfield, of Dover, is spending the week with his brother, Mr. Nathaniel Satterfield.

Mr. Marshal Heller, of Wilmington, is spending some time with his cousin, Mr. Joseph Heller and family.

Mrs. J W. McCoy, has returned to her home in Fort Valley, Ga., after a pleasant visit with relatives here.

Miss Annie Gremminger, of Philadelphia, is spending this week with her mother, Mrs. Sophia Gremminger.

Mrs Joseph Hampson and son Leonard, of Baltimore, are spending some time with her mother, Mrs. Dorothy Gilch.

Mrs. Katie Fiedlier and daughter, of Wilmington, were visitors at the home of Mr. B. Sacks and family last week.

Mrs. George Crossin, of Wilmington, was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Naylor, of near town, last week.

WARWICK

Miss Blanch Wright is visiting friends in Elkton.

Miss Mamie Merritt is entertaining Miss Sybil Yeager, of Wilmington.

Mrs. Urie P. Ginn, of near Mt. Pleasant, visited her mother on Wednesday.

Preaching here Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock. Christian Endeavor at 7 o'clock.

Mrs. S. D Wilson spent last Tuesday with her sister Mrs. William Mullin, near Middletown.

Mr. John Piser, of near town has purchased a new E. M. F. Model from Mr. Harman Reynolds.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Phillips, of Collingswood, N. J., are visiting Mr. Frank Padley and family.

Mrs. Dan Mitchell and children, of Atlantic City, spent several days last week with her mother Mrs. S. E. Gunkel.

Miss Bell Hill has returned home, after a very pleasant visit with Western Maryland and Virginia friends. She was accompanied by her friend Miss Mamie Hall.

The "Mite Society" held its regular meeting Friday evening at the home of Mrs. George Goldsborough, in Middle Neck. Quite a very pleasant evening was spent by all.

St. Anne's Church Notes

Twelth Sunday after Trinity, Holy Communion at 8 A. M. Morning Prayer and Sermon, 10.30. Evening Prayer and Sermon, 7.30. Sunday School session 11.45. Service on Wednesday evening at 7.30.

PORT PENN

Some fine peaches are being sold by farmers in the village.

Miss Leona Eaton, of Camdan, N. J., is spending her vacation at the home of her father.

Samuel Kershaw and family are entertaining his nephew Charles Kershaw, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Misses Elizabeth Johnson and Elizabeth Wiff of New Castle spent part of last week with Scerick Fleming and wife.

Joseph Denny and wife visited Walter Ginn and family near St. Georges on Sunday.

Mrs. J. W. Conrad is entertaining George Plummer and family of Camden, N. J.

Mrs. William Tov, of Pennsgrove, N. J., is spending a week with William Fisher and family.

Mrs. Albert Naylor who has been at the Delaware Hospital undergoing an operation is home again and doing very nicely.

Our town people are taking advantage of the good weather by a day's outing at Augustine Beach. Plenty of baskets packed with appetizing dainties are taken along.

S. H Eaton was painfully hurt by cutting a deep gash in his foot which required seven stitches. Dr. Bellville from Delaware City is in daily attendance and we hope to see him about soon.

While the Presbyterian church is being newly painted inside and undergoing repairs. The pastor Mr. J D. Lindsay will hold services in the sister church.

Crowds of people from the country gather to Augustine Beach on Thursdays and after enjoying the sports of the day they wind up their pleasure by attending the grand ball in the evening.

Tomatoes are now hauled into the factory pretty lively and everything will be in operation in a day or two. Miss S. A. Kemp secretary of the firm arrived from Baltimore on Tuesday. J. S. Zacheis has also opened his place but for this season will need only a few to help. We wish him success and hope in the coming years he will have a proeperous business.

CHESAPEAKE CITY

Mr. John Banks, of Wilmington, visited his home here this week.

Mr. Wilmer Cooling, of Wilmington, spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

Mrs. Adolph Tomas, of Newark, visited her mother Mrs. William Byers this week.

Miss Margaret Miller, of Philadelphia, is visiting her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. John Miller.

Mr. Frank Conroy, of Philadelphia, visited his mother Mrs. Anna Conrey the past week-end.

Misses Genevieve and Irene Byers are expected home this week after a pleasant stay at Newark.

Mr. Howard Brown returned home Saturday last after a week's visit with friends at Salem, N. J.

Mr. Charles Roberston, Jr., of Philadelphia, spent this week at the home of Mr. Clayton L. Elkton.

Miss Elizabeth Dunning, of Philadelphia, is spending the remainder of Aug. with Mrs. George Milnor.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Steele and son Stanley Jr. are spending this week with the former's parents here.

Messrs. Ralph Watson and Charles Freeman attended the Chicago-Philadelphia base game on Monday.

Miss Estella Beaston, of Middletown, spent the first of the week with her cousin Mrs. Nellie B Reed.

Mrs. Joseph Baker and children, of Philadelphia, are spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Baker.

Mrs. Frank B. Hawar has issued invitations to "cards" for Wednesday, Aug. 28th, at 2 o'clock at her cottage at Randalia.

Mr. Harry Thayer who fell from a scaffolding at the Deibert boat yard last week breaking his shoulder blade and several ribs is improving nicely.

TOWNSEND

B. H. Daniels spent Thursday in Philadelphia.

Thomas S. Wells spent Sunday at Atlantic City, N J.

Miss Niles, of Wellsboro, Pa., is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Niles.

Mrs. Otho Marvel and son Baynard, are visiting relatives in Philadelphia.

Misses Reba and Corinne Outten are spending ten days with friends at Seaford.

Miss Margaret Schwatka has returned to her home in Baltimore after spending sometime with her cousin Miss Julia Wells.

Oscar Lockerman, of Wilmington, spent Wednesday with his mother Mrs. Maggie Lockerman.

Misses Julia Wells and Margaret Schwatka spent Sunday with Mrs. Joseph Wright of Smyrna.

Mr. Frank Rogers and wife, of Wilmington, are spending some time with George T. Stant and family.

Mr. Boat, of Douglassville, Pa., and Miss Bell, of Stowe, Pa., are the guests of Mrs. Rebecca Foraker on the Levels.

Messrs. Martin Lee, Enoch Lurty and the Misses Ethel Lee and May Wells, Walter Lee wife and son, James A. Lee wife and son, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Pierce of Washington, D. C., visited John W. Morris and family near Smyrna Sunday.

WHAT ABOUT THAT JOB OF

Plumbing

Call and let me give you an estimate before you give your order. I am in a position to give you the very best materials in all branches of the plumbing trade. All work guaranteed to be satisfactory. I can do your

PLUMBING, STEAM FITTING, Pump and Well Work

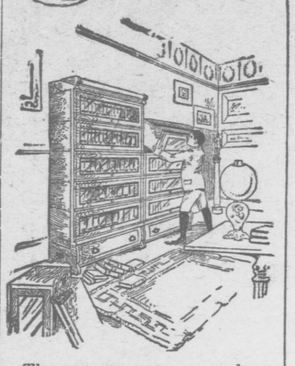
Or furnish you with a "BUTLER" Wind Mill or Hay Track on short notice

If you need anything in my line, a postal card will bring me to your home.

LONG DISTANCE PHONE NO. 70

JOHN B. SPICER
P. O. Box 31,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE

"Y and E" SECTIONAL Bookcases



The man who has only a dozen books needs a bookcase, but he doesn't need one that will take up the whole side of his room. The "Y and E" Sectional Bookcase may be adapted to any space and is easy to move—simply detache the sections—a boy can put them up. I am sole agent for this section.

General line of Furniture.
CARPETS, WINDOW SHADES
UPHOLSTERING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Funeral Director and EMBALMER

J. H. EMERSON,
Middletown - Delaware

HAVE YOUR Shoes Repaired AT J. Applefeld & Bro.

we have bought M. Dektor's old stand, on North Broad Street, near Jones' Meat Shop. We do the best work for less money —work done promptly and well.

J. APPLEFELD & BRO.
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

NEW OPENING
Shoe Repairing
Old Shoes made like NEW
Men's Shoes 45c
Ladies' Shoes 35c

L. FROOMKIN
Kates' Old Stand, East Main St.
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE

Political Cards

For County Comptroller 1912 of New Castle County
PHILEMMA CHANDLER
Subject to the decision of the Republican Primaries.

FOR PROTHONOTARY 1912
NEW CASTLE COUNTY
FRANK B. NEWELL
Subject to the Decision of the Republican Party

1912
For Receiver of Taxes and County Treasurer
Robert M. Burns
Subject to the decision of the Republican Primaries.

FOR RECEIVER OF TAXES AND COUNTY TREASURER
1912
Samuel J. Dennison
Subject to the Decision of the Republican Primaries.

For SHERIFF 1912
OF NEW CASTLE CO.
Walter S. Burris
OF NEW CASTLE HUNDRED.
Subject to the decision of the Republican voters.

FIRE INSURANCE
Town Property, Farm Buildings, and Stock
TORNADO INSURANCE
Insure now against damage from wind storms
Life and Accident Insurance
GEORGE D. KELLEY,
Middetown, Del

WANTED

Young Women to take training school course in large Hospital for mental defectives, two years course with certificate upon graduation. $20.00 per month, all expenses while learning. Box 127 C, Spring City, Pa.

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NOTICE!

I, GEORGE C. DeVALINGER, tenant and occupant of the house known as the National Hotel, situated at Middletown, in School District No. 60, 60½ and 94, county of New Castle and State of Delaware, in compliance with the requirements of the Acts of the General Assembly, in such cases made and provided do hereby give notice that I shall apply in writing to the Court of General Session of the State of Delaware, in and for New Castle County, on Monday, the 16th day of September A. D. 1912 being the next term of said Court, for a license for said house as an inn or tavern for the sale therein of intoxicating liquors in quantities less than one quart, to be drunk on the premises, and the following respectable citizens of said School District, at least six of whom are substantial freeholders of said School District, recommend the said application, viz:

J. C. Green,	Geo. H. Johnson,
W. S. Letherbury,	J. T. Scarborough,
Geo. W. Price,	P. B. Messick,
Julian Cochran,	R. R. Cochran,
John P. Cochran, Jr.,	A. B. Biggs,
F. J. Pennington,	Wm. L. Spry,
S. M. Rosenberg,	C. Vinyard,
C. P. Cochran,	Geo. W. Ingram,
C. M. Cochran,	Alex. Metten,
J L Parsons,	Harry M. Black,
G. W. C. McCrone.	

GEORGE C. DeVALINGER.
Middletown, Del., Aug. 14th, 1912.

The LADY of the MOUNT

by FREDERIC S. ISHAM

AUTHOR OF "THE STROLLERS," "UNDER THE ROSE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER XVI.

The Mountebank and the People.

In the center walked a man, dressed as a mountebank, who bent forward, laden with various properties—a bag that contained a miscellany of spurious medicines and drugs, to be sold from a stand, and various dolls for a small puppet theater he carried on his back. It was not for the Governor's daughter, or the old woman, however, his call had been intended. "Way there!" he repeated to those in front of him.

But they, yet seeking to detain, called out: "Give the piece here!"

Like a person not lightly turned from his purpose, he, strolling-player as well as charlatan, pointed to the Mount, and, unceremoniously thrusting one person to this side and another to that, stubbornly pushed on. As long as they were in sight the girl watched, but when with shouts and laughter they had vanished, swallowed by the shifting host, once more she turned to the crone. That person, however, had walked on toward the shore, and indecisively the Governor's daughter gazed after. The woman's name she had not inquired, but could find out later; that would not be difficult, she felt sure.

Soon, with no definite thought of where she was going, she began to retrace her steps, no longer experiencing that earlier over-sensitive perception for details, but seeing the picture as a whole—a vague impression of faces; in the background, the Mount—its golden saint ever threatening to strike!—until she drew closer; when abruptly the uplifted blade, a dominant note, above color and movement, vanished, and she looked about to find herself in the shadow of one of the rock's bulwarks. Near by, a scattering approach of pilgrims from the sands narrowed into a compact stream directed toward a lower gate, and, remembering her experience above, she would have avoided the general current; but no choice remained. At the portals she was jostled sharply; no respecters of persons, these men made her once more feel what it was to be one of the great commonalty; an atom in the rank and file! At length reaching the tower's little square, many of them stopped, and she was suffered to escape—to the stone steps swinging sharply upward. She had not gone far, however, when looking down, she was held by a spectacle not without novelty to her.

In the shadow of the Tower of the King stood the mountebank she had seen but a short time before on the sands. Now facing the people before his little show-house, which he had set up in a convenient corner, he was calling attention to the entertainment he proposed giving, by a loud beating on a drum.

Rub-a-dub-dub! "Don't crowd too close!" Rub-a-dub-dub! "Keep order and you will see—"

"Some trumpery miracle mystery!" called out a jeering voice.

"Or the martyrdom of some saint!" cried another.

"I don't know anything about any saint," answered the man, "unless,"—rub-a-dub-dub!—"you mean my lord's lady!"

And truly the piece, as they were to discover, was quite barren of that antique religious flavor to which they objected and which still pervaded many of the puppet plays of the day. The Petit Masque of the Wicked Peasant and the Good Noble, it was called; and odd designation that at once interested the Lady Elise, bending over the stone balustrade the better to see. It interested, also, those official guardians of the peace, a number of soldiers and a few officers from the garrison standing near, who unmindful of the girl, divided their attention between the pasteboard center of interest and the people gathered around it.

Circumspectly the little play opened; a scene in which my lord, in a waistcoat somewhat frayed for one of his station, commands the lazy peasant to beat the marsh with a stick that the croaking of the frogs may not disturb at night the rest of his noble spouse, seemed designed principally to show that obedience, submission and unquestioning fealty were the great lord's due. On the one hand, was the patrician born to rule; on the other, the peasant, to serve; and no task, however onerous, but should be gladly welcomed in behalf of the master, or his equally illustrious lady. The dialogue, showing the disinclination of the bad peasant for this simple employment and the good lord's noble solicitude for the nerves of his high-born spouse, was both nimble and witty especially those bits punctuated by a cane, and the sentiment: thus all bad peasants deserve to fare!" and culminating in an excellent climax to the lesson—a tattoo on the peasant's head that sent him simultaneously, and felicitously, down with the curtain.

"What think you of it?" At my lady's elbow one of the officers turned to a companion.

"Amusing, but—" And his glance turned dubiously toward the people. Certainly they did not now show proper appreciation either for the literary merits of the little piece or the precepts it promulgated in fairly sounding verse.

"The mountebank!" From the crowd a number of discontented voices rose. "Come out, Monsieur Mountebank!"

"Yes, Monsieur Mountebank, come out; come out!"

With fast-beating heart the Lady Elise gazed; as in a dream had she listened—not to the lines of the puppet play; but to a voice—strangely familiar, yet different—ironical; scoffing; laughing! She drew her breath quickly; once more studied the head, in its white, close-fitting clown's covering; the heavy, painted face, with red, gaping mouth. Then, the next moment, as he bowed himself back—apparently unmindful of a missile some one threw and which struck his little theater—the half-closed, dull eyes met hers; passed, without sign or expression!—and she gave a nervous little laugh. What a fancy!

"Act second!" the tinkling of a bell prefaced the announcement, and once more was the curtain drawn, this time revealing a marsh and the bad peasant at work, reluctantly beating the water to the Song of the Stick.

"Beat! beat!
At his lordship's command;
For if there's a croak,
For you'll be the stroke,
From no gentle hand."

A merry little tune, it threaded the act; it was soon interrupted, however, during a scene where a comical-looking devil on a broomstick, useful both for transportation and persuasion, came for something which he called the peasant's soul. Again the bad peasant protested; would cheat even the devil of his due, but his satanic Majesty would not be set aside.

"You may rob your master," he said, in effect; "defraud him of banalite, bardage and those other few taxes necessary to his dignity and position; but you can't defraud Me!" Whereupon he proceeded to wrest what he wanted from the bad peasant by force—and the aid of the broomstick!—accompanying the rat-a-tat with a well-rhymed homily on what would certainly happen to every peasant who sought to deprive his lord of feudal rights. At this point a growing restiveness on the part of the audience found resentful expression.

"That for your devil's stick!"

"To the devil with the devil!"

"Down with the devil!"

The cry, once started, was not easy to stop; men in liquor and ripe for mischief repeated it; in vain the mountebank pleaded: "My poor dolls! My poor theater!" Unceremoniously they tumbled it and him over; a few, who had seen nothing out of the ordinary in the little play took his part; words were exchanged for blows, with many fighting for the sake of fighting, when into the center of this, the real stage, appeared soldiers.

"What does it mean?" Impressive in gold adornment and conscious authority, the commandant himself came down the steps. "Who dares make riot on a day consecrated to the holy relics? But you shall pay!" as the soldiers separated the belligerents. "Take those men into custody and—who is this fellow?" turning to the mountebank, a mournful figure above the wreckage of his theater and poor puppets scattered, haphazard, like victims of some untoward disaster.

"It was his play that started the trouble," said one of the officers.

"Diable!" the commandant frowned. "What have you to say for yourself?"

"I," began the mountebank, "I—" he repeated, when courage and words alike seemed to fail him.

The commandant made a gesture. "Up with him! To the top of the Mount!"

"No, no!" At once the fellow's voice came back to him. "Don't take me there, into the terrible Mount! Don't lock me up!"

"Don't lock him up!" repeated some one in the crowd, moved apparently by the sight of his distress. "It wasn't his fault!"

"No; it wasn't his fault!" said others.

"Eh?" Wheeling sharply, the commandant gazed; at the lowering faces that dared question his authority; then at his own soldiers. On the beach he might not have felt so se-

"Down With the Devil!"

cure, but here, where twenty, well-armed, could defend a pass and a mob batter their heads in vain against walls, he could well afford a confident front. "Up with you!" he cried sternly and gave the mountebank a contemptuous thrust.

For the first time the man's apathy seemed to desert him; his arm shot back like lightning, but almost at once fell to his side, while an expression, apologetically abject, as if to atone for that momentary fierce impulse, overspread his dull visage. "Oh, I'll go," he said in accents servile. And proceeded hurriedly to gather up the remains of his theater and dolls. "I'm willing to go."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Mountebank and the Hunchback.

Up the Mount with shambling step, head down-bent and the same stupid expression on his face, the mountebank went docilely, though not silently. To one of the soldiers at his side he spoke often, voicing that dull apprehension he had manifested when first ordered into custody.

"Do you think they'll put me in a dungeon?"

"Dungeon, indeed!" the man answered not ill-naturedly. "For such as you! No, no! They'll keep the oubliettes, calottes, and all the dark holes for people of consequence—traitors, or your fine gentry consigned by lettres de cachet."

"Then what do you think they will do with me?"

"Wait, and find out!" returned the soldier roughly, and the mountebank spoke no more for some time; held his head lower, until, regarding him, his guardian must needs laugh. "Here's a craven-hearted fellow! Well, if you really want to know, they'll probably lock you up for the night with the rest of rag-tag," indicating the other prisoners, a short distance ahead, "in the cellar, or almonry, or auberge des voleurs; and in the morning, if you're lucky and the Governor has time to attend to such as you, it may be you'll escape with a few stripes and a warning."

"The auberge des voleurs!—the thieves' inn!" said the man. "What is that?"

"Bah! You want to know too much! If now your legs only moved as fast as your tongue—" And the speaker completed the sentence with a significant jog on the other's shoulders. Whereupon the mountebank quickened his footsteps, once more ceased his questioning. It was the soldier who had not yet spoken, but who had been pondering a good deal on the way up, who next broke the silence.

"How did it end, Monsieur Mountebank?—the scene with the devil, I mean."

The man who had begun to breathe hard, as one not accustomed to climbing, or wearied by a long pilgrimage to the Mount, at the question ventured to stop and rest, with a hand on the granite balustrade of the little platform they had just reached. "In the death of the peasant, and a comic chorus of frogs," he answered.

"A comic chorus!" said the soldier. "That must be very amusing."

"It is," the mountebank said, at the same time studying, from where he stood, different parts of the Mount with cautious, sidelong looks; "but my poor frogs!—all torn! trampled!"

"Well, well!" said the other not unkindly. "You can mend them when you get out."

"'When!' If I only knew when that would be! What if I should have to stay here like some of the others?—pour etre oublie!—to be forgotten?"

"If you don't get on faster," said the soldier who had first spoken, "you won't be buried alive for some time to come, at least!"

"Pardon!" muttered the mountebank. "The hill—it is very steep."

"You look strong enough to climb a dozen hills, and if you're holding back for a chance to escape—"

"No, no!" protested the man. "I had no thought—do I not know that if I tried, your sword—"

"Quite right. I'd—"

"There, there!" said the other soldier, a big, good-natured appearing fellow. "He's harmless enough, and," as once more they moved on, "that tune of yours, Monsieur Mountebank," abruptly; "it runs in my head. Let me see—how does it go? The second verse, I mean—"

"Beat! beat!
Mid marsh-muck and mire,
For if any note
Escapes a frog's throat,
Beware my lord's ire!"

"Yes; that's the one. Not bad!" humming—

"For if any note
Escapes a frog's throat
Beawre my lord's ire!"

"Are the verses your own?"

"Oh, no! I'm only a poor player," said the mountebank humbly. "But an honest one," he added after a pause, "and this thieves' inn, Monsieur?" returning to the subject of his possible fate, "this auberge des voleurs—that sounds like a bad place for an honest lodging."

"It was once under the old monks, who were very merry fellows; but since the Governor had it restored, it has become a sober and quiet place. It is true there are iron bars instead of blinds, and you can't come and go, as they used to, but—"

"Is that it—up there?" And the mountebank pointed toward a ledge of rock, with strong flanking buttresses, outjutting beneath a mysterious-looking wall and poised over a sparsely-wooded bit of the lower Mount. "The gray stone building you can just see above the ramparts, and that opening in the cliff to the right, with something running down—that looks like planking—"

"Oh, that is for the wheel—"

"The wheel?"

"The great wheel of the Mount! It was built in the time of the monks, and was used for—"

"Hold your tongue!" said the other soldier, and the trio entered the great gate, which had opened at their approach, and now closed quickly behind them.

For the first time in that isolated domain of the dreaded Governor, the mountebank appeared momentarily to forget his fears and, gazed with interest around him. On every side new and varying details unfolded to the eye; structures that from below were etched against the sky in filmy lines, here resolved themselves into vast, solid, but harmonious masses.

Those ribbons of color that had seemed to fall from the wooing sky, to adorn these heights, proved, indeed, fallacious; more somber effects, the black touches of age, confronted the eye everywhere, save on one favored front—that of a newer period, an architectural addition whose intricate carvings and beautiful roses of stone invited and caught the warmer rays; whose little balcony held real buds and flowers, bright spots of pink dangling from, or nestling at, the window's edge.

"Yonder looks like some grand lady's bower," as he followed his captors past this more attractive edifice, the mountebank ventured to observe. "Now, perhaps, lives there—"

"Hark you, my friend," one of the soldiers bruskly interrupted; "a piece of advice. His Excellency likes not babblers, neither does he countenance gossip; and if you'd fare well, keep your tongue to yourself!"

"I'll—I'll try to remember," said the mountebank docilely, but as he spoke, looked back toward the balcony; at the gleaming reflection full on its windows; then a turn in the way cut off the pleasing prospect, and only the grim foundations of the lofty, heavier structure on one hand and the massive masonry ramparts on the other greeted the eye.

For some distance they continued along the narrow way, the mountebank bending lower under his load and observing the injunction put upon him, until the path, broadening, led them abruptly on to a platform where a stone house of ancient construction barred their further progress. But two stories in height, this building, an alien edifice amid loftier piles, stood sturdily perched on a precipitous cliff. The rough stonework of its front, darkened by time, made it seem almost a part of the granite itself, although the roof, partly demolished and restored, imparted to it an anomalous distinctness, the bright new tile prominent as patches on some dilapidated garment. In its doorway, beneath a monkish inscription, well-nigh obliterated, stood a dwarf, or hunchback, who, jingling a bunch of great keys, ill-humoredly regarded the approaching trio.

"What now?" The little man's welcome, as mountebank and soldiers came within earshot, was not reassuring. "Isn't it enough to make prisoners of all the scamps in Christendom without taking vagabond players into custody?"

"Orders, good Jacques!" said one of the soldiers in a conciliatory tone. "The commandant's!"

"The commandant!" grumbled the grotesque fellow. "It is all very well," mimicking: "'Turn them over to Jacques. He'll find room.' If this keeps on, we'll soon have to make cages of confessionals, or turn the wine-butts in the old cellar into oubliettes."

"If any of our ancient flavor lingers in the casks, your guests would have little reason to complain!" returned the other soldier. "But this fellow, he'll make no trouble—"

"Oh, I suppose we'll have to take care of him!" muttered the dwarf. "In the thieves' inn there's always room for one more!" Obeying the gesture, at once menacing and imperious, that accompanied these words, the mounte-

"Oh, I Suppose We'll Have to Take Care of Him!"

bank, who had been eyeing his prospective host not without visible signs of misgiving, reluctantly entered.

But as he did so, he looked back; toward the soldier who had displayed half-friendly interest in the play.

"If you care to know more about the piece—" he began, when the maledictions and abuse of the misshapen keeper put a stop to further conversation and sent the mountebank posthaste into the darkness of the cavern-like hall intersecting the ground floor.

On either side closed doors, vaguely discerned, hinted at the secrets of the chambers they guarded; the atmosphere, dark and close, proclaimed the sunlight long a stranger there. At the end of the hall the dwarf, who had walked with the assurance of one well acquainted with that musty interior and all it contained, paused; shot sharply a bolt and threw open a door. The action was the signal for a chorus of hoarse voices from within, and the little man stayed not on the order of his going, but, thrusting the mountebank across the threshold, leaped nimbly back, slammed hard the door, and locked it.

Cries of disappointment and rage followed, and, facing the company that crowded the dingy little room almost to suffocation, the latest comer found himself confronted by unkempt people who shook their fists threateningly and execrated in no uncertain manner. A few, formerly spectators of his little play, inclined again to vent their humor on him, but he regarded them as if unaware of their feeling; pushed none too gently to a tiny window, and, depositing his burden on the stone floor, seated himself on a stool with his back to the wall.

As a squally gust soon blows itself out, so their temper, mercurial, did not long endure; from a ragged coat one produced dice, another cards, and, although there were few sous to exchange hands, the hazard of tossing and shuffling exercised its usual charm and held them. The minutes wore away; motionless in his corner, the mountebank now watched; then with his head on his elbow, seemed sunk in thought. Once he rose; stood on his stool and looked out between the heavy bars of the narrow window.

"Not much chance to get out that way," observed a fellow prisoner. "What did you see?"

"Only a chasm in the sands."

"The sands!" said the man. "Cursed the day I set foot on them!"

To this malediction the other did not answer; stepped down and, again seated in his corner, waited, while the light that had grudgingly entered the narrow aperture grew fainter. With the growing darkness the atmosphere seemed to become closer, more foul; but although he breathed with difficulty, the mountebank suffered no sign of impatience or concern to escape him; only more alertly looked and listened—to a night bird cleaving the air without; to muttered sounds, thieves' patois, or snatches of ribald mirth within; and, ere long, to new complainings.

"Our supper! What of our supper?"

"The foul fiend take the auberge des voleurs and its landlord?"

"Vrai dieu! Here he comes!" as the footsteps were heard without.

And the door, opening, revealed, indeed, in the rushlight, now dimly illuminating the hall, the hunchback, not laden, however, with the longed-for creature comforts, but empty-handed; at his back the commandant and a number of soldiers.

"You fellow with the dolls!" Blinking in the glare of the torches, the dwarf peered in. "Where are you? Come along!" as the mountebank rose, "you are wanted."

"Wanted?" repeated the player, stepping forward. "Where?"

"At the palace," said the commandant

"The palace!" stopping short. "Who can want me there?"

"Who?" The dwarf made a grimace. "Who?" he repeated mockingly.

"Her ladyship," said the commandant, with a reproving glance at the jailer.

"Her ladyship!"

"Haven't you ears, my man?" The commandant frowned and made an impatient gesture. "Come, bestir yourself! The Governor's daughter has commanded your presence."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Mountebank and My Lady.

"The Governor's daughter!" Had the light been stronger they must have seen the start the mountebank gave. "Impossible!"

"Eh? What?" Surprised in turn, the officer gazed at him. "You dare—out with him!" To the soldiers.

But in a moment had the mountebank recovered his old demeanor, and, without waiting for the troopers to obey the commandant's order, walked voluntarily toward the door and into the passage.

"Our supper! Our supper!" A number of the prisoners, crowding forward, began once more to call lustily, when again was the disk-studded woodwork swung unceremoniously to, cutting short the sound of their lamentations.

"Dogs!" Malevolently the dwarf gazed back. "To want to gorge themselves on a holy day!"

"Pious Jacques!" murmured the commandant. "But I always said you made a model landlord!"

"When not interfered with!" grumbled the other.

"At any rate he doesn't seem to appreciate his good fortune," with a glance at the mountebank.

"No," jeering. "A gallant cavalier to step blithely at a great lady's command! 'your Ladyship overwhelms me!'" bowing grotesquely. "'Your Ladyship's condescension'—"

"Why, then, need you take me?" interposed the mountebank quickly. "Can you not tell her ladyship I am not fit to appear in her presence—an uncouth clown—"

"Bah! I've already done that," answered the commandant.

"But how came her ladyship to know of me—here—?"

"How indeed?"

"And what does she want of me?"

"That," roughly, "you will find out!" and stepped down the hall followed by the soldiers, mountebank and dwarf, the last of whom took leave of them at the door.

Clear was the night; the stars, like liquid drops about to fall, caressed with silvery rays the granite piles. In contrast to the noisome atmosphere of the prison, faint perfumes, borne from some flowery slope of the distant shore, swept languorously in and out the open aisles and passages of the Mount. In such an hour that upper region seemed to belong entirely to the sky; to partake of its wondrous stillness; to share its mysteries and its secrets. Like intruders, penetrating an enchanted spot, now they trod soft shadows; then, clangorous, beat beneath foot delicate laceworks of light.

"Here we are!" The officer stopped. At the same time upon a nearby balcony a nightingale began to sing, tentatively, as if trying the scope and quality of its voice. "You are to go in!" he announced abruptly.

"Such a fine palace! I—I would rather not!" muttered the fellow, as they crossed an outer threshold and proceeded to mount some polished stairs.

"Stubborn dolt. Now in you march," pausing before a door. "But, hark you! I and my men remain without. So, mind your behavior, or—" A look from the commandant completed the sentence.

Alone, in an apartment of the palace, some moments later, the mountebank's demeanor underwent a quick change; he glanced hastily toward the door the commandant had closed in leaving, and then, with sudden brightening gaze, around him, as if making note of every detail of his surroundings. Set with columns of warm-hued marble, relieved with ornate carvings and designs, the spacious chamber presented an appearance at once graceful and charming. Nor

"But My Livelihood!"

were its furnishings at variance with its architectural elegance; on every hand soft colors met the eye, in rugs of ancient pattern; in tapestries, subdued; in the upholstering of Breton oak. A culminating note was in the center of the room, where a great bunch of roses opened wide their petals.

But briefly, however, the clown permitted himself to survey, or study, these details of refinement and luxury; the swift eager interest that had shone from the dark eyes gave way to an expression, lack-luster and stupid; his countenance once more resumed its blank, stolid aspect. As if unconscious of the anomalous figure he presented, mechanically had he seated himself; was gazing down, when through a doorway, opposite the one by which the commandant had left, a slender form appeared. Under the heavy, whitened lids a slight movement of the clown's eyes alone betrayed he was aware of that new presence. A moment the girl stood there, her glance resting on the grotesque, bent figure before her; then with a quizzical lift of the delicate brows she entered.

"You believe, no doubt, in making yourself at home?"

Crossing to the table, once more she stopped; her figure, sheathed in a gown of brocade of rose, glowed bright and distinct in contrast to the faint, vari-colored tints of ancient embroideries on the wall. Above, the light threw a shimmer on the deep-burnished gold of her hair; the sweeping lashes veiled the half-disdainful, half-amused look in her brown eyes. "Or, perhaps, you are one of those who think the peasants will some day sit, while the lords and ladies stand?"

"I don't know," he managed to answer, but got up, only to appear more awkward.

"You do not seem to know very much, indeed!" she returned, her tone changing to one of cold severity. "Not enough, perhaps, to perceive the mischief you may cause! That play of yours, which I witnessed today—"

"You! Today? Your Ladyship was—"

"Yes," imperiously, "I was there! And heard and saw the effect it had on the people; how it stirred all their baser passions! But you, of course, could not know—or care, thinking only of the sous!—that, instead of teaching a lesson, the piece would only move them to anger, or resentment."

"I—your Ladyship—great lords have commended the play—"

"Great lords!" she began, but stopped; regarded her listener and shrugged her shoulders.

A few moments silence lasted, the fellow apparently not knowing what to say, or if he was expected to say anything, while, for her part, the girl no longer looked at him, but at the flowers, taking one, which she turned in her fingers.

"Your Ladyship would command me—"

"To give the play no more!"

"But—" Expostulation shone from his look.

"In which event you shall be suffered to go free tomorrow."

"But my livelihood! What shall I do, if I am forbidden to earn—"

She gave him a colder look. "I have spoken to the commandant; told him what I had seen, and that I did not think you intended to make trouble. Your case will, therefore, not be reported to his Excellency. Only," with a warning flash, "if you are again caught giving the play, you must expect to receive your deserts."

"Of course! If your Ladyship commands!" dejectedly.

"I do! But, as an offset to the coppers you might otherwise receive, I will give you a sum of money sufficient to compensate you."

"Your Ladyship is so generous!" He made an uncouth gesture of gratitude and covetousness. "May I ask your Ladyship how much—"

"How much?" scornfully. "But I suppose—"

The words died away; her glance fell; lingered on the hand he had extended. Muscular, shapely, it seemed not adapted to the servile gesture; was most unlike the hand of clod or clown. Moreover, it was marked with a number of wounds, half-healed, which caught and held her look.

"Of course, I am so poor, your Ladyship—" he began, in yet more abject tone, but stopped, attracted in turn by the direction of her gaze; then, meeting it, quickly withdrew the hand and thrust it into his pocket. Not in time, however, to prevent a startled light, a swift gleam of recollection from springing into her eyes! The very movement itself—ironically enough!—was not without precedent.

"You!" She recoiled from him. "The Black—"

As a man who realizes he has betrayed himself, he bit his lips; but attempted no further subterfuge. The shambling figure straightened; the dull eyes grew steady; the bold self-possession she remembered well on another occasion again marked his bearing.

"Your Ladyship has discerning eyes," he remarked quietly, but as he spoke glanced and moved a little toward the window.

My lady stood as if dazed. He, the Black Seigneur, there, in the palace! Mechanically she raised her hand to her breast; she was very pale. On the balcony the nightingale, grown confident, burst into a flood of variations; a thousand trills and full-throated notes filled the room.

"I understand now," at length she found voice, "why that fancy came to me below, when I was listening to the play on the platform. But why have you come—to the very Mount itself?" Her voice trembled a little. "You! On the beach the people tried to stop you—"

"You saw that, too?"

"And you knew the play would make trouble! You wanted it to," quickly. "For what purpose? To get into the upper part of the Mount? To have them arrest—bring you here?" She looked at him with sudden terror. "My father! Was it to—"

A low, distinct rapping at the door she had entered, interrupted them. She started and looked fearfully around. At the same time the mountebank stepped back to the side of a great bronze in front of the balcony, where, standing in the shadow, he was screened.

"Elise!" a voice called out.

The flower the girl had been holding fell to the floor.

"My—" she began, when the door opened and the Governor stood on the threshold.

(To Be Continued.)

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